

Years & Years

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Summary: This is not a battle between good and evil. This is not about heroism. This is about happiness. This is about World War Two, and how his happiness was shattered. GerEng, Nazi Germany x England.

Years & Years

\_\*\*Warning: Deals with Nazi's and some ideologically sensitive content, angst towards end, mpreg (not explicit)\*\*\_

\_\*\*Germany, 1933\*\*\_

That year was the first time he saw him.

The blonde hair, the pink lips, the green eyes. Accompanied by two Aryan young men. One was loud and obnoxious and the other was quiet and likeable. He talked to both the men (as best he could - the only language he knew was German) and then he talked to him.

"America, you git! Stop eating that with your hands, use your fork," He scolded his younger brother.

"G-guten tag," he stuttered out. "Ich - Ich bin Nazi Deutschland."  
\_[Hello. I am Nazi Germany.]\_

"Oh - er, guten tag, Nazi Deutschland! Ich bin England. Wie gehts?"  
\_[Hello, Nazi Germany. I am England. How are you?]

So England knew German. "Ich bin gut... U-und du?"\_ [I am good... and you?]

"Ich bin genervt, denn Amerika ist sehr dumm," he replied, rolling his eyes. Nazi Germany laughed nervously. \_[I'm annoyed because America is so stupid].\_

"Ja... Ich kann beziehen." \_[Yes. I can relate.]\_

England smiled politely at him, and his heart stopped.

After the meeting, he couldn't stop thinking about England. The perfect man.

\_\*\*Germany, 1934\*\*\_

"Come on. Say it!"

"I am Nazi Germany. It is nice to met you."

"No, meet. Meet you!"

"It is nice to... meet you?"

Under Hitler's consent, Nazi Germany met up with England on a regular basis. England taught the nation English, and with each passing day, the Nazi found himself falling for the green-eyed nation. Even Hitler himself had expressed admiration for the nation, especially with it's powerful past and influence in the world. But there was also an emotional, sweeter side to the nation - one where he was playing with young children, connecting almost instantly, playing the part of nanny to them while their mothers took a well deserved break.

The children were all Aryan of course.

"Yes, it is nice to meet you," England laughed.

"Mr Kirkland! Mr Kirkland!" yelled a small boy, named Winston. He ran up to them, "Look what I made Mr Kirkland!" He was proudly holding up a daisy chain, carefully made.

"Oh it's lovely," he told the boy. Winston held out the chain to him, blushing. "Oh?"

"You - you should wear it," he said quietly.

England laughed. "I will," he said and placed the chain on his head. With the small boy on his lap, laughing, and with a daisy chain perched on his head, Nazi Germany couldn't help but think he would make a great wife and mother.

If only he wasn't a man.

\_\*\*Germany 1935\*\*\_

"Lotario!" called a voice.

Yes. That sweet voice, he had known for two years. And each day, each year, he found himself, abandoning his work, his livelihood, his fuhrer, to hear that voice, and see that face. "Ja! Arthur!" the name rolled off his tongue like silk, something soft and lovely about it. Perhaps it was the way the name itself was splendidly beautiful, in every way he imagined and couldn't imagine.

"Lotario, there you are! I thought I'd lost you," Arthur scolded. His thick eyebrows knotted together in anger. Yet somehow Lotario couldn't bring himself to apologize or really care about his anger,

only seeing the perfect Aryan wife he so desired.

"Ja, I know," he said. "But I was attacked by a bear -"

"A bear!?" exclaimed Arthur. "Are you OK?"

"I'm fine, Arthur," he replied. He held up his arm. "I fight it off with little injuries." Arthur sighed and gently took Lotario's arm into his hands, inspecting the damage carefully.

All Lotario could think of was how soft Arthur's hands were - and how delicate he seemed to be, like a rose. \_But roses have thorns,\_ he reminded himself, staring at the former empire.\_ And Arthur has many.\_

He'd be willing to cut himself if it meant getting closer to the nation.

\_\*\*Germany 1936\*\*\_

Lotario was undeniably nervous. He didn't show it, remaining expressionless as his fuhrer and Arthur talked. Tensions had started to rise in the lands, and France was certainly threatening and looming. Russia was becoming more agitated.

England was the only one who didn't seem to care.

He kept America and Canada out of it, and Lotario had a feeling that they were going to stay out of it for a very long time. He was here on behalf of France, who was so angry he refused to even think of Germany. "I really must apologise for France's behaviour... Punching you was not the act of a civilised nation."

"Nein, it is fine," Hitler said stiffly. "Though I am really wondering if that man is really a man... Like Poland."

England's eyes flashed dangerously. "We agreed you'd stay away from Feliks, Mr Hitler." Hearing the green eyed nation address Poland so causally and intimately made Lotario's blood boil. He clenched his fist - a fact Hitler noticed.

"Ja. I am staying away," he said calmly. "I must say you are much more level headed than France, and people say you're the highly strung one."

"When gentlemen disagree, they must do it with their eyes," England chanted. "We do not use our fists or weapons in polite society." Hitler raised an eyebrow.

"Words to live by. That France seems to always be on his cycle."

"Believe me when I say cycles don't induce that kind of behaviour - I've passed mine and I'm fine."

"What?"

England seemed to have realised what he said, because he blushed bright red and put his teacup down. "Oh, I... I can give birth..." he mumbled, still bright red. Lotario turned bright red too, just at the

thought of this formidable country being pregnant. "It's just how some nations are born..."

"Like that girl?" Lotario found himself saying.

"Hmm? Oh yes, Seychelles. She dug in her little heels right up until midnight, the cheeky princess." His affectionate tone said otherwise to his words. Lotario smiled, placing a hand on England's shoulder. "28 hours it took... Bloody hell I can still remember her screaming."

"Does... does that mean you're a girl?" Lotario blurted out, then clamped a hand over his mouth, cursing himself to the high heavens.

"W-what?! Bloody no, man! I am perfectly male, I just can give birth - if I want to," he yelled, then composed himself with a scowl. "I suppose I could be both genders... Especially now that women are fighting for their rights in voting."

"Ah... r-right..."

Well, there weren't any laws against marrying a male who could give birth, right?

**\*\*\_Germany, 1935, sometime later\_\*\***

"You can marry him."

"What? I mean, pardon, fuhrer?"

"You heard me. Laws apply to humans. You are a nation."

Lotario wanted to scream in delight. Instead, he swallowed his yell down, and whispered, "Thank you, Adolf."

**\_\*\*Germany, 1936\*\*\_**

"Arthur?"

"Hmm?" He got down on one knee. Arthur put his embroidery down and stared at him. "What... What are you..."

"Will you marry me?"

**\_\*\*Germany, 1937\*\*\_**

"Arthur, I'm home!" Lotario yelled, looking for his beautiful Aryan wife (though Arthur hated the term 'wife').

"I'm in the garden, love!" called Arthur. He stood up, kissing Lotario on the lips. Lotario picked him up and spun him around. Arthur laughed. "Stop! You're going to ruin the flowerbeds!" He put his wife down, and the two went inside, Lotario sitting down while Arthur went and got the tea. "So, what happened at the meeting today?"

**\_**"Where have you taken Angleterre, you nazi?!" screamed France. "I haven't seen him for an entire month!"**\_**

\_"He's away from your poisonous French influence," snarled Nazi Germany. "He is a pure Aryan man now."\_

\_"You better give Angleterre back, or so help me God I will  
-"\_

\_"What? Our army is stronger, better, faster than yours. You have no hope of defeating the master race!"\_

"Nothing," Lotario lied. "Nothing happened."

\_\*\*Germany, 1938\*\*\_

"I must say, I'm rather glad there aren't any wars going on!" Arthur exclaimed, reading the newspaper again. Lotario was struggling with embroidery (Arthur had insisted he take it on), so he didn't reply. Instead, he quietly pushed the other, foreign newspaper deep into his bag, concealing the headline:

\_WAR ON THE HORIZON! TENSIONS RISE!\_

"It would be an awful shame if this peace was destroyed," he murmured, engrossed in doing a crossword now. "Besides, the countryside is a rather wonderful place in Germany! You've never brought me out here before," he continued.

"My dear, I barely have time," Lotario tried to console his wife. "Neither do you, you're loaded with paperwork."

"I suppose you're right," Arthur said thoughtfully. Then he sighed and put down the newspaper. "Lotario... I want to go and see Canada."

"Canada?" Lotario recalled a fuzzy face and a curl.

"Yes, Canada. Besides, I've already booked a ship for us. The flights were all cancelled, strangely enough..." Arthur said, pausing for a moment. Lotario shoved the newspaper deeper into his bag. "... And my newspaper never seems to come in anymore..."

Further down.

"... But I suppose the newspaper reels are getting sloppy, and flights get cancelled all the time now," he finished, looking back to his crossword. "And it's over, over, under, not under, over, under, Lotario."

Lotario groaned at his destroyed design. He thought he'd been doing rather well.

\*\*\_Canada, 1939\*\*\_

Canada was more than surprised to see England on his doorstep, waiting with a hug and a smooch. "Maman?!" he exclaimed, embracing him. "Where have you been, maman?"

"Oh, I was in Germany," He said airily. "You don't mind if we stay, do you?"

"We?" Nazi Germany stepped out from behind the door, a large red door

shaped mark on his face, ice blue eyes cold and penetrating. "But..." Canada couldn't comprehend it. England had just declared war on Germany! So why were they together still?

"What's wrong dear?" England asked. Germany shook his head at Canada, just before England turned his head and laughed at the mark on his face. "Oh love you have a mark on your face!" Germany looked embarrassed, which prompted England to laugh even harder. Canada smiled nervously

"Come in." England went straight up with their bags, but Nazi Germany hung behind. He towered over the Canadian, who tried to look intimidating.

"You don't say a word about the war to your mother boy," He said calmly. "And I won't hurt you. After all, my wife loves you and the American brat."

"B - But -"

"Not. A. Word."

\_\*\*Germany, the end of 1940\*\*\_

Lotario rubbed his wife's back as he was sick in the toilet. Again. It was 2 am and Lotario was tired. Arthur was tired. But he was getting sicker and sicker for some reason, just vomiting constantly in the night and having back pains and stomach pains and terrible cramps. Not to mention the eating - Lotario didn't think his country could keep up with the demand for mint ice cream. The wild mood swings were getting on his nerves as well. The screaming and the crying and tiredness were all just getting to him. \_It's like looking after a baby,\_ Lotario thought.

His eyes snapped open.

Baby.

\_\*\*Germany, 1941\*\*\_

"LOTARIOOOOOO!"

Lotario jumped and groaned. Adolf Hitler, seated opposite him, raised an eyebrow. The other officials there exchanged glances. "I'm sorry sir. It's my wife. He's pregnant..." He almost leaped out of his skin when there was a banging on the door.

"I'm hungry and my back hurts and... and... and... and we're out of mint ice cream and IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!" he screamed, bursting into the room, wearing his large green jumper and his trousers. He grabbed Lotario by the front and began shaking the scared man, who began fearing for his life. "GO AND MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND GET ME MY ICE CREAM!" He threw the man out of the second floor window and chucked his wallet after him. Adolf was trying not to smirk. "You can have him back afterwards," Arthur told the gentlemen still seated in the room. "Would you like some tea?"

\*\*Germany, 1942\*\*

Arthur sat inside the bunker, staring at the ground. In his arms he

held a a bundle of blankets, with a child nestled safely inside. The child was barely more than a few months old, and remained thankfully quiet despite the shaking and banging going on above ground. He ignored the small noise the child made, staring blankly at the ground. The child cooed and began biting his mother's shirt with his gums.

He came back to the world, and unbuttoned his shirt, letting the child - his son - suck the milk out greedily from him. "Peter!" He exclaimed crossly, looking at the drool that was all over his shirt now. But he smiled and made kissy faces at his young son, wondering how he could be so un-fazed by everything that was going on around him.

"Mr England?"

England sighed and looked up.

"It's good to have you back, Mr England. I'm Winston Churchill." The man stuck out a chubby hand. England smiled graciously, although it didn't reach his eyes, and took the hand.

"It's good to be back, Mr Churchill."

Though he wasn't quite sure he believed that.

\_\*\*Germany, 1942, uncounted months later\*\*\_

Nazi Germany spat out blood as he lay on the floor. He looked up through bloody eyes at the people - countries - surrounding him. Only one stood out from the rest. The blonde hair, the pink lips, the green eyes. Accompanied by two Aryan young men. One was loud and obnoxious and the other was quiet and likeable. Except France was there, and so was Russia and China and Italy -

This was the end.

"Arthur..." He said. It was not an appeal for help. Arthur lowered his gun, kneeling before Nazi Germany. He reached out, touching the bloody face. "Arthur I..."

"You are an awful man," He said. "But I would take you back in a heartbeat, even now I know what you did." He stood up.

"That's why you have to die."

\_\*\*After 1945, undetermined time\*\*\_

A young boy hid behind his house as a man approached him. "Hello there, lad! What's your name?"

"Peter," he said shyly, watching the man's thick eyebrows shoot up in surprise.

"I'm England, Peter," He smiled, and Peter ran out to him, hugging him. England laughed.

"Wow, you're so tall!"

"If you think I'm tall, you should come and see the other nations,

I'm tiny compared to them! But, more seriously, I'm going to be looking after you now, Peter," smiled England. He ruffled the boy's hair.

"Can I call you brother?" asked the boy. England blinked back his tears.

"Of.. Of course. I'm your big brother."

"I'm going to tell Miss Mary about this," he shrieked, "Miss! I have a big brother!"

England watched his son run away from him. Having been so small, he had no memories of his parents. No memories of war. He believed he was born on the island Sealand. He believed England was his big brother, not his mother. He would later believe that England refused to acknowledge him because he was too young. He would later believe that England was a jerk. He would later believe that England was the worst big brother in the world.

That's how it would stay.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So um... Angsty, I guess? IDK. There aren't enough WW2 fanfictions out there. I'm thinking of a side story to go with this, like America and Sealand go sneaking around and find out that he's actually England's son, how he would deal with that etc. Or maybe a fic where Nazi Germany comes back or something?<strong>

\*\*Please don't hate, it's just a thing I've had stuck inside my head for some time now. But comment please! I want to know what you guys think. And it's not canon, hetalia doesn't belong to me etc etc etc etc you get the idea.\*\*

End  
file.